

GILT-EDGED BITS of CHINA



PRICE 15 CENTS

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



Gilt-Edged Bits of China

AND OTHER STORIES

COMPILED FROM THE

Children's Missionary Friend

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METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
36 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.





BITS OF GILT-EDGED CHINA.



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Gilt-Edged Bits of China.

By LAURA MARDSEN WHITE.

No. 1.

GOOD MORNING, dear little American children. I want to introduce myself to you. I am your little Chinese brother, Eniu Tung. My auntie was beaten to death because she loved Jesus. My father is a very good man who teaches in the Chinkiang Girls' School. My mother is a Bible-woman and talks about the Gospel to the sick women who come to our hospital. I often tell my brother, Willie Paul, that he ought to be a very good little boy because he has such a pleasant home and such dear parents.

No. 2.—(WILLIE PAUL.) Eniu likes to preach to me because I am naughty. Every afternoon mamma tucks me in bed for my afternoon nap, then off she goes to sing "Jesus Loves Me" and read the Bible to heathen sick people. Sometimes I wake up before she comes back and then I have a good time. I upset papa's ink, I play with the nice little hands of the clock, I find my mamma's sugar bowl; then I take a big stick and run out to chase chickens. I am never going to do that again, though. The last time, that frightful rooster, instead of running away from a big boy like me, chased me all

over the yard. And then! And then! *He truly jumped on my head!* My mamma saw me, and she laughed till she cried. The naughty rooster was shut up, and I heard him crow all afternoon:—

“ ‘Cock-a-doodle-doo-o-o-o-o-o-o!’
 A little boy to me said;
 ‘Now run while I chase you-u-u-u-u-u!’
 But I jumped on his head, instead!’ ”

Next day the rooster got his own head cut off, and I was glad.

No. 3.—(HENRY CHEN.) My mamma's name used to be Katie Hoag. She works in the hospital, too, but doesn't put me in bed and run off and leave me. Oh, no! I am mamma's little lamb. And everywhere that mamma goes, this lamb is sure to go. So she rolls quinine pills and mixes medicine with one hand, while she holds me with the other. Papa Chen carries me as though I were gold, pearls and diamonds. Mamma, papa and grandma Hoag all know that there isn't another baby in China half so cute and cunning as I.

No. 4.—I am the only girl in this picture. My name is Lydia Hu. Everybody loves me. I think I must be made of sugar because they kiss me so much. At night while my papa rocks me to sleep in his arms, I hear him talk to mamma Hu. “We must teach our darling little daughter German-English music,” and then mamma says: “I want her to go to America to study medicine.” Papa replies, “Well, dear heart (you see my papa is a Christian and calls mamma pet names), “we will pray and work that God may help us train her into a lovely holy woman to be used by him in China.” But I must speak for tiny brother Theophilus, who you see is asleep and cannot talk for himself. Would you believe that such a sweet baby could ever be forgotten on a steamer? Mamma, papa, baby and I were all coming home from the Methodist Conference at Kiu Kiang. When the steamer reached Chinkiang, the missionary put mamma and me in one chair and sent us home, then she told the little boy to hold Theophilus until papa Hu sent

all the baggage on shore. Papa forgot, and thought that the missionary had carried baby home in her chair, so he came walking up to the front door with the trunks and baskets. "Where's baby?" screamed mamma. Papa and two other preachers didn't wait to hear any more; they fairly flew down the hill, for they heard that steamer whistle almost a mile away:—"Toot! Toot! Toot! Down the river I go to Shanghai!" On they ran through the Chinese streets, upsetting a peanut stand and knocking a man down! The people thought my Christian father was a pickpocket, so they called out: "Stop thief," and tried to catch him by the pig-tail. Papa could only gasp out as he ran for baby's life: "No!—Steamer!—Baby!—Wait!" He jumped on board and carried off the baby just in time, for the anchor had been lifted, and the chains and ropes loosened. When at last he put sleeping Theophilus in mamma's arms, she cried and laughed as she hugged him tight and sobbed, "I'll never trust you to a missionary or to your naughty papa again!"

ALL.—And we are all five gilt-edged bits of China. Do you know why we are so clean and sweet and pretty and happy? It is because our parents have heard the words of Jesus:—"Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

What They Learn in China.

A YOUNG Chinaman has written for the *Mission Day-spring* an interesting description of the books used by schoolboys in China. He says the little fellow of five or six years has to learn, first of all, about a thousand Chinese characters. The teacher writes each of these on small square red paper. Next come a few small books, one of which is

"Fidelity to Parents," and then the small student is given the books of Mencius, one of Confucius' disciples, which treat of politics. Then the young Chinaman says, "the 'Five Creed,' as we call it in Chinese, 'Wu King,' will now seek its way to the hand of the student."

One of the five books contains poetry relating to the wonderful work done by ancient kings; another tells of China's "Golden Age" when "the empire was so peaceful that one



CHINESE CHILDREN.

could sleep very quietly without closing his doors in the night." The third book was written by one Von Wong while in prison,



CONFUCIUS.

(Drawn by a Chinese Artist.)

of whom the young author says, "It is not untrue to state that Von Wong himself was a little prophetic." The fourth book is on rites and etiquette, while the last is one of the greatest works of Confucius, and is historical.

Beyond Confucius it is difficult to go. The schoolboy sees the picture of the old philosopher on the wall of the school-room and bows before it until his head knocks the floor. He is taught to look backward and to believe that all wisdom is embodied in the teachings of this man. "Confucius, Confucius, great is Confucius," is a Chinese refrain. Dr. Kilburn says, "The Chinese have no arithmetic, and no geography. Once upon a time I saw a map of the world made in China. It represents China as 'the middle kingdom.' In 'the four seas,' which are believed to surround China, there were certain small islands labelled Great Britain, France, United States and Russia. . . . Sometimes we venture to tell them that it is the earth which moves while the sun stands still. Such things may be true of foreign lands, they say, but as for China, every one knows that in the middle kingdom the earth keeps perfectly still and the sun moves." So there is not only heathenism and superstition in China, but dense ignorance—ignorance of the great round earth with its progressive nations, and of all practical science.

Mission School Girls.

By MIRANDA CROUCHER PACKARD.

WHEN I was a little girl and belonged to a mission band in my New England home, I used to have some strange ideas of missionaries and the little children in our mission schools.

Because I had a pastor who had been a missionary in China I used to hear a great deal about Chinese girls, and I always pictured them as solemn little people, who had a large appreciation of what it meant to be Christian schoolgirls, and who



A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

studied their Bibles from morning till night, so that they were able to repeat the Gospels from beginning to end without a mistake. If they smiled at all it was with a smile like that we see on the faces of old people who know that God has been very good to them.

As I grew older my ideas changed somewhat, and now that I have lived among these girls I have found them quite like other girls. They love to run and play just as little girls do in America; and very happy they are when they can do this after their feet are unbound from those cruel bindings. The girls in all our boarding-schools are obliged to unbind their feet when they come to us, but every day the children in our day-school used to hobble past my study window on their heels, and often sway from side to side and go very slowly, because their feet were still bound in order that they might make what they call beautiful "golden lilies." These Chinese girls are very fond of dolls. "Little people," they call them, and when on Christmas they receive those sent by kind friends from America, they hug and cuddle them just as I used to hug my large family when I was a small girl. They are fond of flowers, and in winter watch with great interest a few grains of wheat growing on moistened bits of cotton-wool, and I found them looking in at the study window and talking about the foreign plants which were growing there.

Busy as they are from morning until night,—for besides their studies these girls do all their own washing, cleaning and mending, and, with one old woman's help, the cooking,—these girls get a great deal of fun out of life, even though they do not see much of the world. Compared with a heathen girl's lot, theirs is a happy one indeed.

One evening I went around to the girls' rooms to see what they were up to, and found Yün Fêng, one of our smallest girls, with her face streaked in the most ridiculous manner with black chalk. I had to laugh, she looked so funny, just like children at home who have been playing "wild Indian." I asked her what the meaning of it was, and found she, too,



A GROUP OF SCHOOL GIRLS.

had been playing a like game, for she replied, "I'm playing *foreigner*." This was only one of her mischievous tricks, but with it all she was an earnest little Christian, and a good scholar. She could recite her Matthew from beginning to end, and several other books, both Christian and Chinese, though she was only nine years old. During the summer, when school was not in session, the girls who lived in this neighborhood used to come over for a prayer meeting once a week, and one day, after she had prayed her own little prayer, she followed the scripture command to provoke others to good works, and Miss Glover heard her nudging another and older girl, and telling her, also, to pray. One winter morning she was found with her book in one hand and broom in the other, trying to study and sweep at the same time.

She was only one of our girls in the Tsun Hua Boarding School, who enjoy the busy life which people, young and old, in America, make possible for them. By and by they will go out to make homes, and the lessons of many kinds which they have learned by constant habit, day by day, will not easily be forgotten by these, our little Chinese sisters.





A BOX OF PRECIOUS CHINA.

A Chinese Wolf Story.

By CHARLOTTE M. JEWELL.

MR. MI HUO* was a Chinaman. He had a great deal of money, a beautiful home, and two little children. He owned a nice store, where he sold silk,—yellow, green, red, and blue,—to make fine gentlemen clothes.

As he was rich, he bought many curious things. His home had a great many looking-glasses and clocks in it. The looking-glasses were such delightful things! He could see just exactly how he looked from the button on the top of his cap to the very end of the tassel on his long queue. The clocks! why, one could scarcely have too many of them! Their ticking and striking made the house fairly merry. Then, too, it was so convenient to know just the time of day as well when it rained as when the sun shone!

There were many things in Mr. Mi Huo's home which he did not think curious at all, but which I am sure American boys and girls would think very queer indeed. Some of them were very nice, too.

First, he had a large yard, with a high brick wall around it all but on the front side. There was a long, low building which answered for a wall. The servants stayed there when not at work. There was not a spear of grass growing in all Mr. Mi Huo's yard. Like all Chinamen, he would never allow such an untidy state of things. The yard was all paved with large, square bricks, and plants in pots were set about it on the pavements.

The house was built of brick, too. In winter a pretty silk curtain, wadded warmly with cotton, hung just inside the front door, to keep out the cold. Pretty shiny tables, and chairs with queer-looking backs, which crooked the wrong way, were in the front room, where Mr. Mi Huo entertained his guests. Some scrolls with big, black Chinese words painted on them hung on the wall. The bedroom, where Mrs. Mi Huo always

* Mr. Mi Huo: Mr. Blindness.

took her company, was the queerest. The bed was made of brick, and it reached from one side of the room to the other. It was covered first with a mat, and then with a felt cloth. On the top of them was spread a rich silk cover. The bedquilts were made of pretty colored silks, too. The window reached to the very ceiling, and was as wide as the bed. The window sash had paper pasted over all but three squares. These three had glass in them, which Mr. Mi Huo got in England, because they don't make glass in China.

The children used to play all day about the house and yard, and very happy times they had. When Ming Wang† was seven years old his father said he was too old for play; so he hired a teacher to come every day and teach him to read. Nobody thought of having I Pao‡ learn to read. She was a girl. If they had thought, it would have done no good; for just at that time Mrs. Mi Huo began to bind the little one's feet, to make them pretty, and she could think of nothing else but how they ached. Still, they all had a nice home. At the New Year, Ming Wang did not have to study for a whole week, and was allowed to go out and fly his kite. When I Pao's feet ached too badly Mrs. Mi Huo gave her sugared walnuts and molasses candy, and Mr. Mi Huo often brought her a pretty toy.

There was one thing about their home that was most sad. They didn't know God, and they had no Bible to tell them about him, or how people ought to live. So, of course, it is not strange that they got into great trouble and sorrow.

As I said before, Mr. Mi Huo was rich, and could buy whatever pleased him. One sad, sad day he brought home a little wolf. Now, Mrs. Mi Huo was herself fond of pets; but from the first she looked upon this very strange one with fear. She urged her husband to take it away, and never to have anything more to do with it. She knew that a wolf was a dangerous animal, which would bite and kill. Her husband laughed, and

† Ming Wang: Bright Hope.

‡ I'Pao: First Precious.

said it was very foolish of her to be so afraid. An old wolf might be dangerous; but this little creature was just a baby wolf. If he ever should become savage he would know it at once, and would have him killed; but now he was just a nice pet. Then Mr. Mi Huo further told his wife that he had not been well of late, and his business worried him so he could not sleep well. His doctor had told him to get this little wolf, and every night before going to bed to play with it a while, and he would be sure to sleep soundly.

Mrs. Mi Huo saw that more words would do no good; but she strictly forbade Ming Wang's having anything to do with the wolf. As for I Pao, she had heard her mother say that a wolf was sure to bite and kill people; so there was no need to caution her.

As the days and months went by, Mrs. Mi Huo saw that her husband really enjoyed his new pet very much. He was always brought into the room in the evening, and allowed to rest on the silk bedspread. The little creature had a wonderful power. A few moments with him was sure to quiet Mr. Mi Huo's nerves and make him quite sleepy. Still, Mrs. Mi Huo was troubled. She could not forget how many people had actually been killed by wolves.

As time went on her fears increased, for she saw that the wolf grew. Of course, from the first it had to be fed; but now, as it grew bigger its appetite grew too. Really all that was left from the table was not half enough to satisfy it. She spoke to Mr. Mi Huo about it one day, and it almost seemed to make him angry. He said it was a pity if such a fuss had to be made over a little thing! He enjoyed that wolf. It was a real comfort. After that he played with it oftener. Sometimes the wolf would be brought in for a while after dinner. This often ended by Mr. Mi Huo's taking a long sleep. This, of course, made him late to his business; but he didn't seem to mind that.

The bigger the wolf grew the uglier he looked; but, strange to say, Mr. Mi Huo became more and more attached to him.

Sometimes he spent the whole day,—first playing with the horrid creature, and then going fast asleep beside him on the bed.

Of course when Mr. Mi Huo was wasting his time in this way he was not attending to his work. Besides, all this was doing him no good. In fact, he would be very tired and sleepy the next day; and such a headache!

What was also bad, the wolf was getting to be such a monster that it cost a great deal to feed him. Nobody could have made Mr. Mi Huo give him up, though; and yet if any of his neighbors had asked him if he did not keep a pet wolf, he would have been angry, and denied it. Of course he couldn't take the wolf out with him; so he used to stay at home with it,—sometimes whole days at a time.

Nobody else could please him so well as this miserable creature, and finally nobody else could please him at all. If his poor wife or children spoke to him, you would have thought from his looks and actions that he had turned into a wolf himself.

His business was getting into a bad state, too; but he never minded it a bit. All he cared for was to be with his pet. Still it grew bigger and uglier, and ate more every day.

By and by the man who sold Mr. Mi Huo the silk in his store wished his money. Mr. Mi Huo could not pay it. It had taken so much money to feed the wolf that there was none left to pay for the silk. So there was nothing to do but to take the store and what was left in it for pay. Mr. Mi Huo did not care for this either; he still had his nice home, and, best of all, his ugly companion.

After this he and the wolf were together more than ever. Whenever he went on the street people would look after him and say, "What a pity! what a pity!" for now everybody knew what had happened, and why. But it all made no difference to this foolish man. Every day he spent with this beast made his cheeks more hollow, his eyes more sunken, and his pockets more empty. When Mrs. Mi Huo told him so, he declared he could not live at all if it were not for the comfort that the wolf gave him.

Little Ming Wang's teacher and all the servants had already been sent away, because there was no money to pay them. I Pao had not seen a new toy since the wolf came to live with them.

It was not long before Mr. Mi Huo found real trouble. There was no money to buy food for the wolf, that was already beginning to growl with hunger, and to show his ugly teeth. This wretched man took one of the beautiful clocks from the house and sold it. He cared less and less for the dear ones who loved him, and more and more for the creature that grew more savage every day.

Poor Mrs. Mi Huo was in a sad plight. One by one she had to sell all the pretty things in her home in order to get food. It was little use in trying to save anything, for Mr. Mi Huo sold everything he could lay his hands on to feed his wolf. When clocks, looking-glasses, tables, chairs, bedquilts (all but one) had gone, the wolf showed his teeth again. Mr. Mi Huo said he must be fed, cost what it might. He could never endure to see his pet hungry. He hurried away and sold his home for less than half its worth, because he could get the money quickly.

You ask why he did not let the creature die of hunger? He would rather see his wife, his children, die. He would rather die himself!

Well, nothing could satisfy that wolf's hunger. He ate up all of that nice home in less than two years, and then was hungrier than ever.

The place they lived in after the nice home was gone was a little mud house, near a dirty street. It had but one small room, and they had left but one quilt to cover them at night. All the dishes but two rice bowls, a pair of chopsticks, and a vegetable knife, were gone. All their good clothes had been eaten long ago. You would have known from the faces of the poor mother and children that they had little enough to eat.

If the mother had not known that any home was better than their wretched one, she would not have let her little girl go.

But she could not see both her children starve, so I Pao was sold. The most of the seven dollars and fifty cents which was paid for her went to feed the beast.

Mr. Mi Huo hardly ever took any notice of anybody now but his pet. He stayed at home with it night and day. He went without food to give it to the wolf.

Mrs. Mi Huo tried again for the last time to coax her husband to have no more to do with the dreadful creature, but it was no use. At last she knew she must find food for herself and little boy, or they must starve. Early one morning they both set out. Many times for two whole days she asked for food and work, but nobody gave them either. Then they came back to the dirty street where their own mud house stood. Nobody was about; the paper hung in tatters from the window. She was afraid to go in, so she looked into the window. The hungry wolf had done its work. There upon the bare mud bed lay all that was left of that beautiful home and its owner,—a skeleton in rags!

Children, have you understood my story? Maybe you never heard of an *opium wolf* before. There are many kinds of wolves in our beautiful country, and they all bite. Look out that you never make pets of any of them.

Opium in China.

By ANNA E. STEERE.

I WONDER if you all have the pretty poppy growing in your flower gardens? Well, in China, instead of having one or two little plants, they have whole big fields of poppies. You know opium comes from this plant, so they raise great numbers of them, and sell the opium. These poor Chinese people have found out if they smoke this opium, while they are doing it, they forget that they are hungry and cold; yes, they forget that they have any troubles at all. The rich people smoke it

because they feel good while they are doing it. After a while the rich man gets poor and his wife and poor little boys and girls don't have enough to eat and wear. And the poor man's family, what a hard time they do have! Sometimes the mother smokes too, and then the poor little children have such a hard life!

Mrs. Way was sick one time and came to the hospital to have Dr. Gloss cure her, and she brought her little girl with her. Mrs. Way used opium, and the doctor told her she must let it alone while she was in the hospital, and she promised she would. After two or three days the little girl became sick, and lay on the bed instead of going around and looking at all the wonderful things to be seen in and about a hospital that a foreign doctor kept. The doctor tried to find out what was the matter, and one of the servants said she wanted her *opium*. Yes, this little girl, only eleven years old, had smoked her mother's pipe till she was sick if she did not get it. The mother wanted it very much by this time, too, and so they and their servants all went off home where they could have it. And just let me tell you,—mothers get their mouths full of nasty opium smoke, and blow it into their dear little babies' faces, just to keep them quiet! And there is something else I want to tell you, people who use opium all the time, whether they are Chinese or Americans, get so they lie and steal!

Don't you think we all ought to work very hard, and pray a great deal, and give all the money we can spare, so a great many missionaries can go to China and teach the people about Christ, and help them to become Christians, and tell them how wicked it is to use opium?

Eating and Drinking in China.

THE Chinese are very industrious, and there is no country in the world where so much is made to grow in a single year.

Two or three crops of rice will be gathered from the same fields, and when other grain is sown, beans or cabbages or

other vegetables will be growing at the same time. Rice is the principal food, especially in southern China, and "Have you eaten your rice?" is their way of saying "Good morning." Fortunately, rice is very cheap, and with a few *cash* a family can be kept alive. Even the water in which it is boiled is used, "for the grandmother and the little girls," as they will explain. Tea is the universal drink for children as well as grown people. At business or ceremonious calls, a cup of tea is first offered, and is drunk clear, without sugar or milk. A missionary once took a little boy and girl with her in making calls, and gave them the tea, which they drank as long as they could swallow. Then, with great earnestness, they exclaimed, "I am full! I can drink no more!" There is a limit even to drinking tea in China.

The Chinese have a variety of vegetables, among them twenty kinds of beans and peas. Then there are carrots, squashes, cucumbers, turnips, tomatoes, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, watermelons, etc. The seeds of the watermelon are a great delicacy.

Pork is the favorite, and almost the only meat. The ordinary Chinaman cannot afford meat. But don't they eat puppies and rats? Yes, in some parts of China it is not safe to inquire what is in the soup!

Along the city streets one frequently sees what might be called "open-air restaurants." The keeper may be seen squatting on a low stool on the pavement. He has a little earthen furnace on which he cooks various kinds of food for sale. Here a workman may buy his bowl of rice and eat it without ceremony. The woman in the picture has four *cash* in her hand to pay for her rice. That is less than half a cent.

The Chinese generally have but two meals a day—breakfast about nine or ten o'clock, and dinner at four or five in the afternoon. The family does not eat together, but the women eat after the men are through.

The rice is placed in a large dish in the center of the table, and the small bowls are filled from this. Then the chop sticks

are used to carry the rice into the mouth. Knives and forks are not used.

Dien Ung's Sweet-Cake.

By JULIA BONAFIELD.

LITTLE Dien Ung has said, "good-night," and gone to bed, but soon we hear smothered sobs. His mother asks, "What is the matter with my little son?" He replies, "Oh! it has been such a long time since I had a sweet-cake." The gentle mother says, "Well, be comforted and go to sleep, mother will make you some to-morrow."

So early in the morning we see her bring some rice and put it in a mortar, which in this case is a large stone, with a bowl-shaped cavity. She then takes an oblong stone in which is fastened a wooden handle, and begins to pound the rice. We try to lift this stone pestle, but it is too heavy for us, so we do not wonder that a kind neighbor woman offers her help, and the two women take turns.

After the rice has been pounded a while, it is carefully sifted and the coarse part picked over by two little girls, Dien Ung's sisters.

When all the sand and bad grains have been removed it is again thrown back into the mortar and pounded. This process is repeated *many* times. In fact four people are kept busily engaged until after dinner. Then we see the mother measuring the rice flour. She announces that there are twelve measures (about twelve pints).

Then our little boy, who has been an interested spectator, is told, "Tell Papa to go to the street and buy two pounds of sugar."

This Papa seems so delighted to do, that we suspect he too has a sweet tooth.

The sugar is thoroughly mixed with the rice flour, then all is steamed a while, rolled out and cut into squares.



PREPARING A SWEET-CAKE.

It is almost dark when our little boy gets his "go biang." He brings us a nice plateful which we enjoy very much, only it is very dry, and not so sweet as our mother's cookies.

We are told they will keep a long time, something we are glad to hear, for when it takes so many people all day to make them, they can not be made very often.

The kind neighbor woman receives a good supply and every one seems happy, none more so than little Dien Ung.

Our Blind Girls.

By ELIZABETH FISHER BREWSTER.

ON the narrow street sat Gold 4: not seeing, yet to each footstep she said, "A rich lord, only a cash, pity the blind; in mercy pity the wretched!" Mr. Ohlinger, who has charge of the orphans, wrote in a letter saying, "Can you get the blind girl, who sits on the street by the well, before the cold rains set in?" The next Sunday I passed and said to the child, "Whose girl are you?" "I belong to the beggar lord. My mother is dead, my father gave me to the beggars," was her sad answer.

I dropped twenty-five cash, "To buy you a warm supper," and passed on.

Later the same day I received a report from "the beggar lord." "I paid 30 cents, you may have her." But a few things must be arranged for her comfort, so I waited. Monday the chair-coolies said, "The beggar lord wants a dollar and fifty cents." Tuesday I paid one dollar, after a half day's dickering. The "beggar lord" came to the gate-house, and the child was crying for him; but two other blind girls came out to welcome the new sister. She said, "Why, they have on shoes!" She dropped her rags under the protection of Miss Wilson's big warm cape. "Grandmother Gate-woman" carried her laughing to the "Orphanage Grandmother," where a tub of hot water and carbolic soap were waiting. While the bathing was going



BLIND CHILDREN FROM THE HING HUA ORPHANAGE.

on, Gold 2 and Gold 3 capered about, chattering to the new sister. "Three meals of rice a day. Pretty clothes have we!" they cried.

"I can read, Sin Di taught me," said four-year-old Gold 3. "I've been in the hands of three beggar lords," said the new sister.

"Oh, how dirty your head is," said Orphanage Grandmother in a sad voice. She replied: "I never had any one to comb it for me." She was soon scrubbed and dressed and her head

was combed with never a complaint at the terrific pulling. "She will never want her head combed again, Grandmother, you pull so," the girls said. But Gold 4 just smiled serenely. The four-year-old went off to get her book. She held it up to the new sister and recited: "From the first, God made all things, heaven and earth, knows all things, everywhere. Has all power, one true Lord, full of mercy, truly holy."

"Wait until she gets her hair combed," said Orphanage Grandmother.

At last it is done; she drinks a cup of hot tea; and then she goes over to the wedding feast in the school building. Soon her hands are filled with cakes. She is shown off admiringly by Gold 2 and 3 and then complains of cold. Blind Gold 2, just the same size, picks her up and carries her to the bedroom.

Such a loving welcome! It is the great event; she attracts more attention than the new bride.

A warm bowl of rice is given her and then little Gold 3 wants her to pray before she gets into bed; but—what! she does not know the Lord's Prayer. "Poor little new sister, how wretched, not to know the prayer!" In her sweet simple acceptance of Jesus' love, and human kindness, Gold 3 has forgotten that six months ago she was brought from a home, unloved, uncared for, and did not know the Lord's Prayer either. It is only a month since all this happened, yet, now, Gold 4's face is round and fat and so happy.

Is it not Jesus' work?

Boat Life in China.

By CLARA M. CUSHMAN.

IF you were to fly over China and look down upon that great country, you would see many beautiful lakes, and long rivers and winding canals.

I think you would find as many people travelling on the water as on the land.



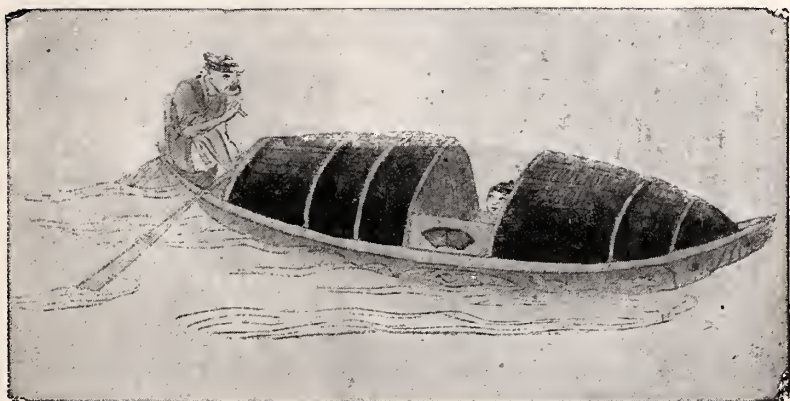
A HOUSE BOAT ON THE UPPER YANG-TSE.

You would see thousands of great junks, some bigger than your father's house, sailing slowly along, carrying many passengers, and heavy cargoes. Every one has two big eyes on the prow, for the Chinaman says—"No got eyes, no can see; no can see, how canee makee walkee watee?" You can easily afford to ride, if you wish to do so, for they will carry you thirty or forty miles for one cent.

There are many houseboats and some people are born, and live, and die on a boat. There are millions of smaller boats, some so small they can be easily propelled by one oar as we see the man in the cut doing.

Perhaps some of you girls who "just hate to practice" and are "tired to death of school" envy the boat girl her free and jolly life. I presume she is happier than many a girl in a mandarin's home, dressed in silk and decked with jewelry, who hobbles around on bound and aching feet, shut in by the four walls of her father's compound.

If you were to live on the boat with the boat girl's heathen father and ignorant, superstitious mother, and eat her food and



A CHINESE SLIPPER BOAT.

sleep on her hard bed in the bottom of the boat, through summer's heat and winter's cold, and were to listen to the screaming of the boatman, you would long for your mother's sweet face, your father's kind voice and your beautiful home and your own dainty room with its soft bed, white pillows and pretty pictures. You would find out what a privilege it is to have a piano, and books, and picture papers and even school.

The missionaries often make trips on the water as Jesus and the disciples did, long ago. The boat serves as carriage and hotel and pulpit. Many strange, sad sights are seen on such a trip.

Come with me. It is evening. We are near a temple. The bell rings and every boat stops.

A crowd of people come down the steps to the water's edge. Soon little lights are dancing on the water as thick as the stars above. Each one is eagerly watched by somebody.

Some are sent out to give light to the souls of those who have been drowned.

Others are used to tell the fortunes of loved ones, sailors at sea, or sick ones at home.

Here are two sailing together, representing one a boy and one a girl, who are betrothed. They sail along together for a little. Now the taller goes out—the smaller one burns on for a while alone, and now its tiny blaze goes out.

We find ourselves getting superstitious and we say, "They will live together for a little, then the boy will die, the girl will be a widow, and then she too will die."

Our hearts grow heavy as one by one the lights go out, and we "pity the poor heathen" and thank God that we are Christians.

Sotsi, or "Little Great Happiness."

By LAURA MARDSEN WHITE.

WHAT a happy time there is in a Chinese family when a little boy is born! Grandpa Wang thinks that perhaps after all forty dollars was not too much to pay for a daughter-in-law, now that he is getting interest back in the form of a baby. Grandma thanks the goddess who sent them a precious boy rather than a provoking girl slave, and hobbles along on her goat's feet to prepare an offering of red eggs for the good-natured idol. Papa Wang buys his wife a new black skirt or a hair ornament; and mamma builds air-castles about the little pink bundle. "We will send him to school. Perhaps he can pass all the examinations, and by and by wear an official cap and a red button. The emperor might even give him a peacock feather, as he did Li Hung Chang. Then I would wear it in my hair. Certainly we will buy a daughter-in-law who shall wait on us, and, last of all, we will be worshipped as ancestors!"

"What shall the baby be named?" "Call him Sotsi" (locked-in child), "then evil spirits won't be able to carry him away." "Yes, and we will hang a padlock around his neck that they may know that he is locked in the world." "You ought to bore the darling's ears and let him wear earrings," says a neighbor; "then the demons will mistake him for a girl and let him live. Nobody wants girls, not even in Hades."

Baby's aunts make him cunning little caps and shoes; his uncles send strings of cash. In a hundred days a grand feast is spread. The guests eat and drink merrily, and in departing leave the best wishes of the season, that the hundred days of Sotsi's life may be lengthened into a hundred years.

By and by Sotsi goes to school, which is held in a little dreary room with a mud floor. There are no blackboards and charts on the rough walls, or slates and picture books for him to use. He kneels to a tablet of Confucius, and then knocks his head

on the floor to his teacher, who is a great fat man wearing immense round spectacles, and whose finger-nails are sometimes four inches long! The teacher gives Sotsi a new name,—



LITTLE GREAT HAPPINESS.
(Drawn by a Native Artist.)

Hong Fu (Great Happiness) very likely,—and then recites in a sing-song tone,—

“Ren tsi tso (People in the beginning)
Hsing pen hsien (Have good hearts).
Hsing hsiang king (Although alike in this)
Hsih hsiang nen” (They grow to be very different).

Poor little Sotsi, “or Great Happiness,” as we must call him now, sits down on a high bench, and says over and over again,—

“Ren tsi tso,
Hsing pen hsien,” etc.,

till he knows it by heart. But he doesn't understand one word of this poetry! Perhaps when he is fourteen or fifteen years old, and has learned a great many poems in this way, his teacher will explain what it is all about. Very likely he will leave school before that time, and then he will never know.

All that Great Happiness studies is in a dead language. He never learns any geography, arithmetic, drawing, or science. He does nothing but commit to memory, and afterwards learn to write Chinese poetry,—just as if, when you went to school, you commenced by learning to say, “Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris,” etc., and never studied any book but Virgil!

Do you wonder that when Great Happiness sees his teacher nodding over his three-feet-long pipe he almost goes to sleep too? Then the teacher makes him kneel before him for one or two hours as punishment. Sometimes a friend will invite the teacher to a neighboring tea-house. The happy boys then fasten pigtailed together, pile tables and benches in a big heap, till suddenly some one cries, “Ai yah!” (the teacher has come back!). And those long claws pull noses, ears, and eyebrows, pinch cheeks, bang naughty boys about, and they can't go home for dinner. The next time he goes out to drink tea he writes Chinese characters in red ink on the boys' fingers. On his return, one by one the little brown hands are held up before his goggles. Woe be to the urchin whose marks have been

rubbed off! That means that the naughty hands have been into mischief, and a heavy, thick ruler makes some more red marks on the little upturned palms that are not so quickly rubbed out.

So poor little "Great Happiness" goes to this dreadful school seven days in a week, and counts each long day till the next short holiday arrives.



SOTSI, WITH HIS MOTHER AND COUSIN, GOING TO WORSHIP AT
GRANDPA'S GRAVE.

(Drawn by a Native Artist.)

At the Spring Festival he goes out to worship the graves of his ancestors, and carries rice, ginger, beancurd, vegetables, and cakes for dead great-grandmamma and great-grandpapa to eat. "They only eat the smell, you know," Sotsi explains to his little cousins. Mamma cries over all the graves. Papa burns gilt paper that turns into ghost money; but if mamma lit the paper, then great-grandpapa's ghost couldn't use it. The money would break in his fingers! Sotsi and his cousins pick violets, and then go home to eat all of the feast that great-grandpapa and great-grandmamma didn't want.

At the Feast of Dragons Sotsi has rice dumplings for dinner, and papa takes him to see the dragon boats. A boy turns somersaults over the dragon's tail. Behind the fierce head stands a man dressed as dragon king, and wildly waving two red flags. Sixteen oars, each grasped by a rower, make the dragon's legs. And Sotsi laughs to see the dragon king with his flags keep time for the legs to hop, frisk, and dance, just as though Sousa were beating time for his band.

But the best time of all is at New Year's. Then Sotsi goes out calling, all dressed up in new clothes, and gets stuffed with peanuts, candy, melon seeds, etc., at each house. He goes home, blows whistles, scares his little sister with a false face and big wooden sword, and frightens away evil spirits by firing off shooting-crackers. His mother takes him to the temples and lets him burn incense there. He kneels down and bumps his head on the ground before the ugly old idols. Poor little Sotsi! He doesn't know that having eyes they see not; ears, and they hear not. He is afraid of the damp, gloomy place, the mournful bell, the fierce faces of the idols, the gloomy priests. He is afraid of ghosts, of evil spirits. He does not know that God is love, and that Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

New Year in China.

By ANNIE B. SEARS.

WHILE we are beginning our new year here in America I will tell you a little about how they will very soon be celebrating a new year in China. I suppose many of you never thought that New Year for all the world does not begin at the same time, and that New Year here is not New Year at all for the Chinese people. This is not for them, The Year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-six, but the twenty-second year of their emperor Kuang Hsü, whom they call the son of Heaven. Their New Year's day will come on the thirteenth of February, beginning with the new moon. All the Chinese months begin with a new moon, and are numbered first, second, etc., instead of having names like our months.

Although the people of China have many feast days, and always make note of the new and full moons, and have three great feast days besides, every year, New Year's day is still the great day of all days in the year for them. There is great getting ready for it. One very important thing is that every one must pay his debts. If there is any doubt about a man's paying, there are a great many strange ways of bringing him to time. One is to carry off the front door of his house or shop. Then he must settle up in a hurry. If he cannot get back his door, and get some fierce, glaring pictures of his gods pasted on it before the New Year, all the prowling evil spirits can come right in and work all kinds of evil on himself and family, and they can never hope to be happy or prosperous again; so he believes.

As the New Year approaches, crowds of people, rich and poor, go to the temples to pay vows, and burn incense and pray the gods to forgive their sins, and have the priests pray for them, and make offerings before the idols.

Then, although mid-winter, it is the great house-cleaning and brightening-up time. Inside and out, everything is furbished up and decorated. All the women, and every girl large enough

to hold a needle, are busy all day long getting the New Year's garments ready. Every one who can must have new clothes at this season, if at no other time. And as all shops will be closed for three days at least, the supply of food and fuel for that time must be laid in, as well as provision for the great feasting and sacrificing to ancestors, which make so great a part of New Year's ceremonies.

But when the New Year really begins, yes, before it begins, all night before, what a racket! Three Fourth of Julys in one couldn't come up to it. The air is fairly alive with the din of fire-crackers and the glare of rockets. The Chinese don't want to sleep, and no one else can, no matter how much he wants to. Hundreds of crackers are tied together in such a way that they go off one after another, making almost a continuous roar; and just as one man's string burns out another one's begins. It would take pages to tell all the kinds of fireworks that are made and set off at Chinese New Year, even if I knew a hundredth part of them myself.

When New Year's day fully comes, then begins the business of New Year's calls. No matter how this fashion varies and passes away in other lands, it has gone on just the same in China for a thousand, perhaps two thousand and more years, and still goes on just the same; and every one wishes each one he meets, "hsiu hsi"—new happiness, with much ceremony, and presents his card, a piece of bright red paper four inches wide and eight or nine inches long, with his name written in large black characters. These cards are all carefully saved, and for months after you see them posted up in the houses, showing the number of New Year's visits received.

You know that people rent houses; and so they do in China. But I don't think you ever heard of any one who rented a suit of clothes in America. But in China many a man rents the clothes in which he makes his New Year's calls,—and the clothes in which he is married, even to a button on the top of his hat. And he looks very fine, too, in his own eyes and the eyes of his friends. But you would feel like smiling, I suspect,

to see him in a long fur-lined, plum-colored satin sack reaching to his ankles, with sleeves full, and so long that you see nothing of his hands. If they shook hands as we do, it would be a lot of trouble. But they don't.

The women and children do not go about making visits, usually, and especially not for the first five days. But they have their share of the feasting and the fire-crackers at home. And then, a little later on, the fun for the boys begins with the kite-flying. They have more kinds and sizes of kites than any boy in America ever dreamed of, and I think they are either made better, or else the Chinese boys know better how to fly them, than our boys do. They are made to represent all kinds of birds and fishes, and are often higher than a man, when standing; some are made in a great many different parts strung together, and when up in the air look like immense centipedes. Then they have ways by which paper lanterns, with a lighted candle within, can be sent up the string to the kite. And many of the kites are made with wind harps, so that when up in the air many hundreds of feet their sound is constantly heard. I cannot call it music, however, though the Chinese like to hear it.

The New Year's festivities properly terminate with the Feast of Lanterns, on the first full moon, or fifteenth day of the first month, though the Chinese have a saying that "It is not too late to make New Year's calls when the grass is a foot high"; and the kite-flying goes on all through the early spring.

A Little Pig's Story.

By WILMA ROUSE.

I AM just six months old to-day and feel quite grown up. It seems such a long time ago that I first looked around the room which my mother, brother, sister and I called home. My master was not at home that day, so I first made the acquaintance of his wife and baby. My mistress let us all sleep

under the bed, and treated us very nicely. We had some clean, fresh straw, much nicer than that on which the baby slept. There were ever so many other children in the house. Baby called them all cousins, but I did not care for any of them. They were nearly all boys, and some of them were very rude. I am a very well-bred pig and I would associate with no one but my own family and the baby.

Dear little baby! She was just beginning to walk. She would crawl under the bed, put her little black head on my mother's side and pat me with her wee, dimpled hands.

When my brother and sister were sick baby was very sad. My mistress cried when they died. She felt almost as badly as my mother did. I heard her tell a neighbor that she did not know what she had done that she should be punished by losing two pigs. Baby and I were better friends than ever after that, for I had no one else to play with.

One day a woman came and offered to buy me. She said she would pay two dollars for such a fine pig, but my mistress said that was not enough. I was very proud then.

The next day a woman came and wanted *to buy the baby!* My mistress said she had cared for baby fourteen months and must have one dollar for each month. The next day the woman came again. She said she wanted baby to be the wife of her little son. Baby's grandmother and aunts came in, and there was such a lot of talking that I was quite frightened; but finally baby was sold *for ten dollars!* My mother grunted her satisfaction. "You see, my child," she said to me, "you are more valuable than the baby; you are two months old, but our mistress would not take two dollars for you." Of course I was proud, even though I was very sad over losing my little playmate.

How lonely the house was! I missed baby's voice, and one day I made up my mind to run away and go in search of her. Would you believe it? I really found her! She had grown very thin from grieving, but she knew me, and I coaxed her to smile.

That day a great event happened in her new home. Two baby girls were born. Of course I thought baby's mother-in-law would be very happy. She had bought one little girl, and now she had two of her own. But I was mistaken. She was very cross, and her mother-in-law with whom she lived was crosser still.

They were good to me and let me sleep under the bed. Baby lay down beside me and soon we were both sound asleep. It was late when baby's father-in-law came home. His mother told him about me first, then she told him about the little twins. He was cross, too. They talked together in very low tones, and then the man brought a bucket of water and they *drowned both the little babies*.

I trembled with fright and as soon as it was light, I got out and ran and ran. I thought I knew the way home; but I got lost. Finally I saw a crowd of people going into a large house and I followed them. Nobody seemed to object except a queer looking woman, who said: "*A pig in church!*"

They tried to put me out, but I wouldn't stay put, so they let me lie down on the step, in the sun. The strange-looking woman talked a long time. I learned that the country in which I live is called China, and that this woman came from a country called America. She said little girls, in America, were never drowned, sold or given away, and that they never have to bind their feet. Then I remembered that my mistress had feet very like mine in size and shape, and I observed that nearly all the women in the church had nice, big, flat feet.

Then the strange-looking woman told us about how the people in her country worship, but it was so hard to understand about this that I went to sleep.

When I awoke, the people were going home, and I made up my mind to follow the foreign woman to America. She went just a little way and I ran through the gate so quickly and quietly that she didn't know I had followed her. Now I thought I was in America, but it seems I was mistaken.

I hid under the house and heard two foreign women talking.

It is lucky I am a pig and can understand English as well as I can Chinese. "Just listen to this letter!" I heard one of the ladies say: "A Little Light Bearer's mother wrote it for her. It says: 'Our Band has decided to adopt a little girl whose mother does not want her—.'" How my heart did beat! If I could only bring Baby to these women how happy I should be! But just then I heard my master's voice saying: "You have *adopted* my little pig." He meant that they had stolen me, but he is a very polite man, so he said *adopted* instead of *stolen*.

They were very much surprised when I was found. I was so tired and hungry, I couldn't run, so I was soon caught and carried home. Since then I have been kept tied all the time. My mother is greatly ashamed of me.

If ever I get a chance I am going to run away again, and take Baby to the foreign women. Then perhaps the Little Light Bearers will adopt her. She has been to see us once. She cried and cried to stay with her mother, but my mistress would not keep her, though she must have seen how thin and pale the little one looked.

My master and mistress are kind to me, and feed me well. But then *I'm a pig, and* a very nice pig, too, and their baby was only *a little girl*.

The Toutai's Visit.

By LAURA M. WHITE.



ONE day our American Consul sent word that with our permission the toutai of Chinkiang would visit the school. And who is the toutai? He is a great official in China who rules over a city and the surrounding country. The girls prinked in the glass to see that their hair was smooth. The Chinese teacher made believe he didn't care whether the toutai came or not, but we noticed that he wore his

Sunday clothes and had his queue braided so smooth that the girls said a fly would have slipped and broken his leg had he tried to walk on it. Our school-room was put in apple-pie order, blackboards were decorated, and every thing looked festive.

The American Consul and his interpreter arrived. "Boom! Boom!" roared the fort on the hill. That meant, "The toutai passes this way." When an official goes a-visiting in China he takes a guard of honor along; so I ran up stairs to peep at what the Chinese boys and girls consider a grand parade.

First in the procession walked a man pounding a great big drum with might and main, as if to say: "Just look what is coming now!" He was followed by a swarm of dirty fellows shouldering boards which told of the toutai's fame. Next came a crowd of hungry-looking boys and men, all wearing conical hats; reminding me of the one poked in Gabriel Grubb's eye by the goblin. I asked the Consul's interpreter the reason of this ridiculous headgear, and he replied, "To scare away ghosts and devils; and they *do* look bad enough to frighten old Satan himself; don't they?" The ghost scarers were followed by the official red umbrella borne aloft by some more "yamen runners." Nearly all these men are rascals who prey on the Chinese people like locusts. Next came a marshall on horseback who seemed to say, "Get out of the great man's way or I'll tread on you!" He preceded a box carried by coolies, containing, of all things, the toutai's robe of disgrace! An official must carry this unpleasant reminder everywhere he goes, so that in case of an imperial telegram of displeasure, he can quickly don his yellow robe of humility and hurry back to the yamen for punishment. Some soldiers jostled along next, followed by the toutai himself in his official chair, carried by eight perspiring coolies, and surrounded by a guard. More soldiers, two marshalls on horseback, and some ragtag and bobtail finished up the procession.

Our large gate swung open, and in swarmed the whole rabble. It was wash-day, and the servants ran to snatch the

wet clothes from the line to prevent these yamen runners from breaking the eighth commandment. Our big dog rushed for the invaders, chasing some of them around the premises as though he had been a Jap. One man shook his ghost hat, as if to exorcise the foreign demon lurking in the dog's eyes. The dog laughed out loud at the fun; and making a bound would have torn the hat in pieces, had not the watchman lugged him off and locked him up. Then the soldiers looked brave again. Meanwhile the toutai was being escorted to the school-room. He was very fat, looking like an idol of Buddha.



INSIDE THE SCHOOL ROOM.

He was robed in rich sables, perfumed with musk-beads and sandal-wood till the air was heavy with odors. Two men held a chair down hard to prevent its flying up to the ceiling; a third reverently held up his honor's coat tail; two more guided him down safely into the seat (so that the great man might not sit on the floor you know), and the exercises began.

Our girls recited their lessons, sang, answered questions, worked in mathematics, history and geology. The old toutai assumed a very intelligent air as they drew diagrams showing why little China boys lie sound asleep in bed while American children are studying about them in school. The tellurian was placed on a desk and a pupil explained that a week ago a big dog *hadn't* tried to swallow the sun while Chinese people beat gongs and fired off shooting crackers to scare him away, but that *really* the moon had passed between the earth and the sun, causing a partial eclipse.

The closing anthem was sung. The toutai drank tea, making a noise like the suction of a bath-tub pipe, murmured some indistinct words of approval, waddled to his chair and the procession started for home,—big drum, board men, ghost scarers, red umbrella, soldiers, yamen runners, ragtag and bobtail. The house was aired. The women hung out the clothes again. The dog was let loose, and away he ran after the toutai's chair, barking with might and main till the last ghost scarer disappeared behind the fort. Then he came back panting, but with a self-satisfied air as if to say, "If in England a cat can look at a king, in China a dog may bark at a toutai."



